

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A Laugh in Church.

She sat on the sliding cushion,
The dear, wee woman of four;
Her feet, in their shiny slippers,
Hung dangling over the floor.
She meant to be good; she had promised,
And so, with her big, brown eyes,
She stared at the meetinghouse windows
And counted the crawling flies.

She looked far up at the preacher,
But she thought of the honeybees
Droning away at the blossoms
That whitened the cherry trees.
She thought of a broken basket,
Where curled in a dusky heap,
Four sleek, round puppies, with fringed
ears
Lay smuggled and fast asleep.

Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,
Such queer little hearts to beat,
Such swift, round tongues to kiss,
Such sprawling, cushiony feet,
She could feel in her clasping fingers
The touch of the satiny skin,
And a cold, wet nose exploring
The dimples under her chin.

Then a sudden ripple of laughter
Flew over the parted lips
So quick that she could not catch it
With her rosy finger-tips.
The people whispered, "Bless the child,"
As each one waked from a nap,
But the dear, wee woman hid her face
For shame in her mother's lap.

A TRUER LOVE

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

Dr. McKinstry lifted Clyde Donovan into the sleigh, tucked the robe around her. She was pretty enough to be surveyed anywhere and yet, not one of the beautiful women who startle you by their charms.

"It's too bad to give you all this trouble."

"I don't want you to think that. I'm glad to do anything for you. And I've a sick man over by the Hollow. I should have gone again this evening, in any event."

"But you did not know that when you offered to take me," she responded, archly.

"No. You would have been just as welcome, though."

He touched the horse, who flew along over the snowy road, jingling his bells to the prancing accompaniment of his feet.

Dr. McKinstry rarely reverted to his own life. Clyde knew as much of him as everyone else in Milford knew. Seven years before, he had come there with a strange, wild-looking woman, who still possessed the remains of great beauty, one babe of a few months, and a little boy two years old. He looked aged and careworn then; indeed, Clyde thought him growing younger every year. It came out presently, that Mrs. McKinstry, in spite of her husband's efforts, was a confirmed opium eater. What he had suffered in these years no one knew; beyond the fact that he had given up a fine city practice, he had inherited from an uncle, and come to this country village to keep his wife away from temptation, if possible. Two years afterwards, she had finished her course by suicide. He had gone on quietly, gaining every one's good opinion by his skill and his ready sympathy. Not much given in words or promises, but abundant in good deeds, asking no one's pity, but bestowing his own on all who were in need or distress.

Clyde was an orphan and lived with an uncle, whose farm joined Dr. McKinstry's cottage grounds. It was simply natural that they should come to every-day familiarities. Clyde's cousins, boys they had all been, were married and gone home. Now and then Dr. McKinstry offered his services, in a matter of fact way, when Clyde needed them, and no one else was at hand. She accepted them in the same spirit. At 20, she was not likely to be dreaming of such a lover.

And so, when Bessie Trainor had sent her an invitation to the ball, and a more urgent one to stay all night, Dr. McKinstry had offered to take her over.

Bessie, and a host of girls were there, in the dressingroom. They kissed Clyde, told her that she looked lovely, begged her to tie a ribbon or fasten some flowers in somebody's hair. They all talked and laughed together.

"Oh, he's splendid!" Bessie said, in answer to one of the girls. "Now, see who will make a conquest. I cannot enter the lists, you know."

Bessie was to be married soon.

"Who?" said Clyde, looking up.

"Oh, a Mr. Bruce. He is board-

ing here. He is to be bookkeeper in the new woolen mill, and has come

up to see about the machinery, and some other matters. He is real entertaining and agreeable. I like him. Come, girls! are you ready? There's the music, and here comes a new crowd."

They went down to the large room, that was everything by turns. Bessie clung to Clyde. She had two or three secrets to whisper in her ear. There were several gentlemen waiting for them, grouped together, discussing ordinary country topics. One stood a trifle apart. Clyde knew in a moment it must be Mr. Bruce. Mark Trainor, as landlord's son, began to do the honors. And so it came to pass that Clyde was the last to be introduced; consequently, Mr. Bruce lingered by her. Perhaps, too, because he felt better acquainted with Bessie.

They spoke of the weather and the sleighing. Mr. Bruce pronounced it wonderfully fine, and declared himself quite in love with Milford. He confessed he had been a little afraid of a month's loneliness.

"And I told him the ball was in his honor," said Bessie, archly. "I am to open it with him. Do you know, I had half a mind to send him after you?"

Clyde almost wished she had. No, it was such a pleasure for Dr. McKinstry to bring her.

After Mr. Bruce danced once with Bessie, he came back to Clyde, and engaged her for several quadrilles. He was extravagantly fond of dancing. So was she. And this was just the kind of entertainment at which one might enjoy one's self thoroughly. Mr. Bruce confessed that these country belles and beaux were not deficient in refinement and courtesy; and, as to beauty and taste, would bear favorable comparison with the circle in which he moved. Especially Clyde Donovan. There was something very attractive about her. Her dainty figure, her low, musical voice, and the winsome grace of every motion, was pleasing, indeed, to a man with the fastidious notions about women that Alton Bruce held.

Bruce took Clyde home next day. As Clyde was lifted out of the sleigh at her uncle's gate, she saw Dr. McKinstry down below at his own door; and she contrasted the rides—the two men; it was only natural. Mr. Bruce at 26; the doctor ten years older. One with the polish of society, the grace of youth, the evident wish to please; the other with a shadow of sorrow hanging about him.

"This ride has been altogether too short," Mr. Bruce was saying as these thoughts ran idly through her mind.

"We haven't half finished our conversation. I wonder when you will visit your friend again?"

"Next week."

"That is so distant and uncertain. Is it?" she laughed. And then she gave him the invitation he meant she should.

In a few evenings Mr. Bruce came over with a message for Bessie. He meant to be charming, for he thought a woman who was worth pleasing at all, worth some endeavor, at least. And he liked to kindle this sweet face into interest and animation. She was so guileless, so winsome, and never gave you the impression that she was weighing every word or look, to see how far it might be made to go. He had met a good many women, this Alton Bruce, and he had no fancy for being held to a strict account.

From that time, there was a great deal of going backwards and forwards from Farmer Donovan's to "Trainor's." Mr. Bruce made excellent friends with Bessie. He was one of those men who are always ready to do a favor, yet never officious. Bessie declared him as good as a woman. He came for Clyde, or took her home; he spent evenings in reading to her, or they discussed topics that held a singular and vital interest for Clyde. All this without any attentions that were positively lover-like. He prided himself considerably upon his honor; and then, too, he had a strong interest elsewhere.

But Clyde, having no safeguard, and knowing little of the world—little of men, save what she had

learned of one essentially noble and true, took this glitter for pure gold.

The night of Bessie's wedding finally arrived. Clyde was to be bridesmaid. Clyde ribboned and flowered Bessie. Bessie did the same for Clyde. Clyde had some little last errand through the hall. A hand stopped her.

"Oh, Mr. Bruce!" A strange terror came over her.

"Forgive me! How lovely you look! One man here to-right is to be envied. No, I'm not going to echo the shallow platitudes about the bridegroom. I wish I was in his place."

All this in a rapid whisper that seemed but a breath. Clyde blushed and trembled. He saw the rift of color even by the dim light; he saw the quiver of the slender fingers, and just one instant he clasped her in his arms and kissed the fragrant lips vehemently.

She forgot what she wanted. She went back to the group, frightened and breathless. Mark took her in charge, and the procession was marshalled downstairs.

Quite late in the evening, tired and excited, Clyde stole into a quiet corner, by an open window. Some one was smoking without on the long balcony, and talking low. She did not pay any attention to it, yet somehow, these words caught her ear: "It will be your turn next, Bruce. It's lucky Katie's coming up here to look after you. These country lasses are very bewitching, and I'm afraid you've been indulging, a trifle. That Miss Donovan is pretty."

"Yes; and yet not to be compared to Kate's reality. I don't lose my head so easily."

"They'll be up next week, and then adieu to charming flirtations. Make the best of it to night, Al."

She heard them moving off. A chill and awful quiet fell over her, chaining her to the spot. The lights burned dimly, the music came to her as some echo a long way distant. The figures moving about were unreal and distorted in shape. Bessie, there in her flowing white robe, looked like a ghost. A thousand wild and fantastic thoughts rushed through her brain; she might have laughed or cried, if some icy terror had not clutched her with its fierce grasp.

She never knew how she came out of it all. Only afterwards she found herself laughing and talking and even dancing; but, it seemed some strange third person. She kept close to Mark. She prayed for the interminable night with its senseless revelry to come to an end. She wanted to go away in the darkness and think. For all this bliss and radiant dreaming had turned into shadowy fear. Solid earth seemed slipping from beneath her feet.

She had her wish at last; but oh! the misery of the thinking! That faith should be dashed down at one blow! For if Alton Bruce could not such a base part, put on smiles that were black treachery, utter words that must lead one astray, who was true? Was love anything but a bitter, mocking passion? She forgot Bessie's happy ditty. She could comprehend nothing but the ruin that had overtaken herself; for in her first despair it seemed final. It is so hard for youth to accept the evil of life.

Milford settled into calm. Clyde went about her daily duties, waiting for something she dreaded, yet longed to have over, a sort of crisis that would put the seal to her fate. Mr. Bruce made a brief visit to the city, and returned with the Moores, and somehow before another week it was rumored he had been for some time engaged to Miss Kate Moore. Clyde saw her in church, a tall, elegant woman, stylishly dressed, and with the air of a princess. She had no further call to meet Mr. Bruce, and he had no excuse for coming to her uncle's. So, that was the end.

All Maren, Clyde grew pale and thin. The warm days in April exhausted the little remaining strength, for the conflict she had been had been going through had not left her much.

Dr. McKinstry, in his slow, cautious way, fathomed the secret. She little guessed then the keen pang it gave him, and how gladly he would have made her happy over the ruins of his own heart. For it

had come to that. Clyde Donovan was the dearest thing life held for him. Dying for the lack of a little love, when he had so much to give her! He tried to rouse her in many ways. She was patient and grateful, but she did not care to live. The rest of death seemed to promise so much.

He brought her some roses one day, crimson with the deepening breath of summer. She was alone in the shady parlor, lying on the sofa. Her voice was very sweet as she thanked him.

"If you would go out a little way with me," he said, his eyes pleading as strongly as his voice, "it would do you good."

"You are kind; but I don't care about it."

"No; that is the trouble. Clyde, do you know you are slighting God's best gift to you—life and health."

"Is it the best gift?" Her eyes wandered out to the blue sky.

"Yes; for with it He sends everything else. Dear child, are you treating Him rightly, by thus refusing to be comforted?"

Something in Dr. McKinstry's eyes brought back a thought of the night he had taken her to Bessie's—the night she first met Mr. Bruce. She took his hand and buried her soft face in it. He felt what she was scarcely conscious of—tears. And the voice was broken with which she said: "You know all?"

"I think I know all." His tones were low and wonderfully tender. They thrilled her with a strange, quiet assurance deeper than friendship. She even began to tremble for herself.

"And how weak I have been?"

"How weak you have been. The strongest of us faint at times, sometimes. The wisest of us come to places where we believe the sun will never shine again. But God keeps that, and the strength, and giveth liberally when we ask Him."

"I believe I never have. Oh, Dr. McKinstry—"

As she raised her head he took her in his arms. She made faint struggle, but it was of no avail.

"I know you love me," she began, in a rapid, excited tone. "I might have guessed it before, if I had dared, I am not worthy of it. And yet, I don't want you to think any other passion broke my heart. When I found that he was false, I believe I said I would trust no one—that there was no truth. And yet I don't know how far he was to blame. He never said a word but what might have passed for friendship. I was so weak."

"I watched it all. I thought, he loved you. I would have given you up, if he had. But now I dare to love again—to hope a little. I am willing to take what is left. I believe I can nourish it into bloom and beauty."

"You are so good!" That was all she said for many minutes.

"Much older; tried with many sorrows, yet still believing in happiness. You can do so much for me. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes," she said, "sometime, when I am stronger and better."

"You must let me help you to grow strong."

She promised at last that she would. And all the rest of the summer he watched her with tenderest care. Mr. Bruce saw her growing radiant again under the influence of truer and better love.

A daughter was born last week to Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lucy of Haverhill, the latter formerly Miss Rose Alma Henotte of this city. Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Payette of this city were the sponsors. The little lady was named Olivia Perry, from Commodore Oliver Perry, who is great-granduncle of hers on her father's side. A fact which makes the birth of this little one doubly interesting to Lowell's French American social circles, where its mother is very well known, is that both parents are deaf-mutes, highly educated and accomplished both in spite of their affliction. Little Miss Olivia, however, is not going to be dumb, for she has lost no time in making her wants and discomforts known to the world by crying lustily after the classic way of all normal babyhood.—*Lowell, Mass., Courier-Citizen, Nov. 12.*

The Sultan of Turkey has a whole garden exclusively devoted to hyacinths of different kinds.

A Jubilee Reunion of the Deaf in Germany

HOW THEY CELEBRATED—DESCRIPTION OF THE SCHOOL IN STADE

Stade is a small German town of a thousand inhabitants, situated about three miles from Hamburg on a branch of the Elbe called the Schwinge, which winds in and out, affording a lovely view from the high Schwarz Wald just outside the town, and it is here, where one of the Institutions for the Deaf in Hanover province was founded fifty years ago, and where it was my good fortune to meet about three hundred of the alumni at the celebration of that anniversary.

Fraulein Adelheid Behrens, a deaf lady in Lillenthal, came to my cousin's home to sew and we compared the signs, many of which are the same; but she spoke well and could read the lips readily. From her I learned of the fiftieth year jubilee which was to be held on August 10th, 11th and 12th at Stade.

I expressed a desire to go with her, so she wrote to Herr Direktor Werner and received for me a very cordial invitation to attend. On Saturday morning of August tenth, we started from Bremen over Harburg, where we had an hour's wait, and there we met the first delegation of the deaf in the waiting-room.

In Germany they have five meals a day regularly; and as it was three o'clock, the time for the afternoon lunch, we ordered coffee and had our sandwiches around a big table laughing and talking, now and then greeting new faces as other trains came in. It was very interesting to watch them talk, for they don't use signs as we do, only motions with exaggerated lip-movements, uttering no sounds. When they talked to me, however, they used voice.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached Stade, and there at the station was a great crowd of the deaf, waiting to welcome the new arrivals, and it was a happy scene. The in situation is only a short distance from the station; but the reunion was not held here, as it is strictly a school-house only, the janitor and his family occupying the basement rooms. We passed it, however, on our way to the hotel, where we were entertained.

Nobody takes a trunk when traveling in Germany, for it costs an extra fare; dress is of far less importance with them than with us, and so these friends attending the jubilee carried only a small hand-satchel.

On coming to the hotel, we filed into the crowded restaurant where several of the teachers were assigning the rooms and we were cordially welcomed. After supper the program was opened by a reception to the guests, which was held in the large dining-hall of the hotel, all trimmed with evergreens. The teachers occupied seats around a platform and I was given a place among them, the deaf being seated at the long tables. Addresses of welcome were made by the director and teachers, and a deaf lady recited a poem orally. After the exercises general greetings were exchanged and the crowd dispersed at about eleven.

The next day was a lovely Sabbath, and at 9 o'clock there was a service held in the chapel of the High School, opened by a chorus of voices in the rear and then an address of welcome by the Lord Mayor of Stade, which was responded to by Herr Claus Kronke, a very bright semi-mute and son of a nobleman.

The chapel was crowded with hearing as well as deaf people, but the front seats were reserved for the deaf. When the former director, Herr Schroeder, entered with his snow-white hair and beard, the deaf arose with one accord and waved their handkerchiefs and his good face beamed with delight. A fine portrait of Dr. Gude, the first director, now deceased, hung in front and Herr Direktor Werner announced that it was presented by the alumni to the Institution.

The position as director of an Institution is given to the most competent teacher by the government after years of service, and he is obliged to pass a rigid examination in Berlin. Then he holds the office till age unfits him for longer service.

Herr Pastor Bode is the Lutheran minister in Stade and he is beloved by his people, and especially the deaf. He instructs the classes in catechism and at their fifteenth year, they are confirmed on Easter and leave the Institution, so the deaf in Germany receive only eight years of schooling.

Well, after a short sermon and another hymn, the service was over and the whole association went to visit the old Institution, which is merely a private dwelling and occupied now by a family, who kindly allowed the deaf to visit their old schoolhouse. Most of the older ex-pupils had known no other school, and it was interesting to watch them tell how things had been arranged.

The next excursion was to the new school building, which was decorated in flags and evergreens. The art-room was filled with drawings of the pupils, mostly conventional designs, and then shop-work of pasteboard trays and boxes, and of stools, shelves, boxes and such articles in wood. They have only one shop in the basement, where this work is taught.

In each of the nine school-rooms there are from ten to twelve desks arranged in a semi-circle around the teacher's table. I took out some of the slates in the highest grade and read the journals, with teacher's corrections and they were well written.

The ninety pupils board around the town in private families; so they have little opportunity to sign when out of school, and of course, in school, it is not permitted. The journals told exactly how they had spent their time since leaving school in the afternoon, and I gathered that they made themselves useful bringing in wood and water and helping with the evening meal and then studying before going to bed; also in the morning, a certain amount of work was done before coming to school.

I spent quite a good deal of time reading these journals and examining the books; but at ten o'clock the order of exercises was to go to the graveyard where the deaf wished to decorate the graves of two hearing teachers and one loyal friend, sleeping among the departed. Lovely wreaths were placed on each grave and many shed tears, as tribute was paid to their memory. It was indeed a touching scene. This friend was Peter Arms, a bachelor who had been a great benefactor of the deaf, and I was told many instances of his kindness.

From the cemetery we went our way back to the hotel to get ready for the "Fest" in a great banquet hall in the Groszer Garten at the edge of the town, where tables were arranged to seat the whole association. I got the autographs on my paper napkin of the sixty who sat at our table. Toasts were given at the conclusion of the dinner by the director and several of the teachers, which were responded to by rising with hearty cheers and clinking of glasses. I was pleased to have my name mentioned among the honored guests and to receive recognition in the same manner.

The afternoon was spent in a walk to the Schwarz Wald, going in a body. I went with Herr Vahle, one of the teachers, who gave me a great deal of information. He expects to stand the examination to become a director in the spring. By the time we reached the Schwarz Wald, it was time for the afternoon meal. Tables had been placed in the pavilion to accommodate the whole three hundred. Good hot coffee and assorted cakes was served. The teachers had a table to themselves, and at Herr Roediger's suggestion we all signed up a souvenir card and sent greetings to Superintendent Jones.

On our return we went through the Schwarz Wald, a low elevation covered with pine trees and it was a most delightful walk. We came back to the Groszer Garten, where the hall had been cleared for the "Fest Ball." With us it is a desecration of the Sabbath to have a dance on Sunday evening; but in Germany it is the custom. Everybody goes to church in the morning; but the afternoons are given up to pleasure and there is no evening worship. Well, all was animation on the dancing floor, the band started

up and partners were chosen for the grand march, which everybody joined, followed by dance after dance till four o'clock. It was a tired but happy crowd that walked back to the hotel in the chill early morning, and the good warm beds were welcome. When we remember that Germany is in the same latitude as Labrador, we can well understand how cold it is even in summer and the people sleep between feather-beds the year round.

On Monday morning there was a meeting in the chapel of the Institution addressed by Herr Wieduwilt, a teacher, who called attention to the two new pictures on the wall, which had been presented to the Institution by the city of Stade, and several altar pieces by ex-pupils and friends and he expressed in behalf of the alumni their sincere thanks. Then he gave a good talk, using signs as well as voice, explaining the effort that had been made to bring the deaf to a knowledge of the truth and a fuller enjoyment of life. Following his talk were short orations by some of the deaf boys. Then we adjourned, and another excursion was in order, which I did not join, because Frl. Behrens wanted to call on the good blacksmith and his wife with whom she had boarded when a pupil. Their home was certainly one of the oldest-time places I ever saw. They were greatly pleased to see how womanly she had grown.

In the afternoon the whole crowd was at the station, either leaving or seeing friends off; but as the director had invited me to visit the school, which opened the next day after a five weeks' vacation, I decided to spend another night in Stade and take advantage of this rare opportunity of seeing the pupils in the classrooms. The lower grades are well equipped with toy-objects and pictures with which to suggest ideas, and they also use actions, but no regular signs. The teachers are all gentlemen and are doing good work. Every hour the director rings a bell, and the pupils all go out in the yard for five minutes; and at nine o'clock they eat their lunch which each child has brought along.

The pupils showed very inquiring minds and wanted to ask about my voyage and America. Her Direktor Werner kindly invited me to his house for dinner. It is one of the prettiest residences in Stade, just back of the Institution on the next street with the yards adjoining. He has a charming wife, one daughter and one little son, Paul, who asked me if I saw Indians every day in America. They were all anxious to know about our Institution and how we sign. The time passed only too quickly, for I had to leave on the two o'clock boat down the Elbe to Hamburg.

I shall ever be grateful to the director, teachers and deaf of Stade for the warm reception and courtesies I received.—*Olivia Bruning in Ohio Chronicle.*

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

REV. HENRY SIOANE COFFIN, Pastor
Afternoon service, at 3.30 P.M.

Bible Class meets at 4 o'clock.
Gymnasium and Reading Room are open to the members and their friends every Friday evening from 8 to 10 o'clock.

Address all communications to the President, Mr. Archibald McL. Baxter, 32 West 60th Street, New York City.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTER, Pastor, 3325 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 10:30 A.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class, immediately after services.

Clere Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, published at 163d Street and Broadway, is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

OUR sympathy is extended to Prof. S. Tefft Walker, Superintendent of the Louisiana Institution, at Baton Rouge, on the loss of his wife, who died, at Baton Rouge, on the night of Thursday, November 21st, in the fiftieth year of her age. The Illinois Advance refers to the sad event as follows:—

"She was born in Charleston, Mass., and at the time of her death was over fifty years of age. Her maiden name was Walker, and for a number of years she resided with her mother on West Morgan Street.

"Mrs. Walker was a member of the State Street Presbyterian Church in this city, and was a graduate of the Jacksonville Female Academy, class of 1870. She was married to Prof. S. T. Walker, who was a teacher here, and later, under Gov. Altgeld's administration, was Superintendent of this school, from 1893 to 1897. After leaving here the family lived for a time in Chicago, where Mr. Walker was in the insurance and publishing business. Three years ago he was appointed Superintendent of the Louisiana School to succeed the late Dr. John Jastremski, who for twenty-two years had been the able and efficient head of that school.

"The remains were brought to this city, arriving here Saturday night, accompanied by Mr. Walker. The funeral services were conducted Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, from the residence of Mrs. Hattie Doying, 921 Grove Street, Rev. A. B. Morey, of State Street Church, officiating. 'The Half Has Not Been Told' was sung by Miss Kate Rogerson. Many beautiful floral offerings, some of which had been brought from the South, were cared for by Misses Emma and Nellie Doying.

"The remains were taken to Diamond Grove Cemetery, where, according to a wish of the deceased, they were laid beside those of her mother, Mrs. Lois C. Walker.

The DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL in an article headed, "What of the graduates," says the honor roll of the New York Institution for the Deaf for the year 1904 contains the names of Mary Toles, who became the wife of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Walter W. Angus, W. L. M. Bregg, Thomas J. Trist, James S. Wells, Henry C. Rider, Lucinda E. Hills. After a mention of Mrs. Peet as an erudite scholar and writer, each in turn is named telling of lifelong service as teachers of the deaf, with the exception of the last named, of whom the editor writes: "Of Lucinda E. Hills, we have no available data, but doubt not that the record of her life was in consonance with the promise of her girlhood."

We are able to supply some of the desired data. Lucinda E. Hills became the wife of Charles M. Grow and with him taught for about thirteen years in the North Carolina Institution for the Deaf and Blind at Raleigh, N. C., coming from there to the Maryland School for the Deaf in Sept. 1868, when this school was first opened. Both Mr. and Mrs. Grow were valued teachers here for many years. Mrs. Grow held her position till her resignation in June, 1884. After Mr. Grow's retirement in June, 1901, after having taught continuously fifty years, they removed to Fulton, Missouri, and made their home with their eldest son, Chas. M. Grow, Jr. Mrs. Grow died Nov. 14, 1904. The two sons, both hearing men, are well known teachers of the deaf, the one

above named, at Fulton, Mo., and the other, Harvey P. P. Grow at Danville, Ky.—*Maryland Bulletin.*

The Deaf and the Civil Service

Mr. Frank Murray, of Elmira, wrote a long letter to Hon. J. Sloate Fassett, concerning the Civil Service restrictions affecting the deaf. He advises the deaf of the different Congressional Districts to write to their Congressmen in the matter. Appended is Mr. Fassett's reply.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

WASHINGTON
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 26, 1907.
MR. FRANK MURRAY, 415 Jefferson St., Elmira, N. Y.

MR. DEAR SIR:—Your letter of October 18th is before me, and I have read the contents with much interest. I will immediately take up the matter of the modification of the Civil Service rules along the lines suggested by you, and see what can be done to bring about the change desired. At the present time I am unable to state just what I will be able to do, but you may rest assured that I will be very glad to do every thing in my power to see that your wishes are respected.

Very truly yours,
J. S. FASSETT.

A FEW FACTS.

Editor of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal:—In several communications which have recently appeared in the JOURNAL reference has been made to the "Federation of the Deaf," and the tone of the remarks, with veiled hints as to what will happen at the Colorado Convention, would seem to indicate that Gallaudet College graduates have been opposed to the federation idea as inimical to their influence in the National Association of the Deaf.

"Lest we forget" it may be well to call attention to certain facts, which are fully attested in the printed proceedings of the several conventions of the N. A. D.

1. The subject was first brought into publicity in a paper entitled "The Federation of the Deaf," which I read at the third Convention of the Association at Washington, in 1889.
2. In my address as President of the fifth convention, at Philadelphia, in 1896, I again called attention to the subject.
3. It was advocated in a paper read by Mr. Olof Hanson at the St. Paul Convention, in 1899, and a resolution was adopted commending the formation of a federation of the deaf and authorizing the appointment of a Committee to further the object. Messrs. Fox, Hasenstab and Veditz were appointed as said Committee.

4. The subject was again referred to in President Smith's address at St. Louis, in 1904, as "one of the most important subjects for our consideration," but owing to the limited time assigned to the sessions of the Association, no report was considered.
5. Finally at the eighth Convention held last summer at Norfolk, Va., the report of the committee, embodying a plan of federation, was presented by Mr. Veditz.

All this would indicate that, so far from opposing federation, all the efforts to keep alive and forward the idea, has been the work of graduates of Gallaudet College.

Yours for fair play,
THOMAS FRANCIS FOX.
NEW YORK, Dec. 2, 1907.

Service for Deaf-Mutes

A service for deaf-mutes was held in Christ Church parish house Sunday morning, when Edward Frisbee, a lay reader of the mission to the silent people, communicated in the sign language to the gathering of 20 or so, all like himself, deaf and dumb. Mr. Frisbee comes from Everett, and conducts meetings in different places under the auspices of the mission. The regular Episcopal service was held, with the exception, of course, of the music. A few women and several boys were in the congregation, and all watched with apparent interest. Some came from Holyoke, and a few from several surrounding places. This is the first meeting for deaf-mutes held here, and was something of an experiment. Invitations are sent from the headquarters of the mission in Boston announcing a coming meetings in a given city. This one was sufficiently well attended so that it is likely that meetings will be subsequently held each month.

Mr. Frisbee went from this city to Worcester, where he conducted a similar meeting in the afternoon.—*Springfield Republican, Nov. 26.*

St. Ann's Church.

CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER.

- 3—Public opinion Meeting and Social.
- 9—Monday—Parish Meeting.
- 17—Reading: Mr. T. F. Driscoll.
- 24—Closed.
- 31—Guild Meeting. Watch Night.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Scheiffer, of Montclair, N. J., were favored with a visit from the stork, on November 18th, which left a little girl to gladden the household.

NEW YORK.

The Hollywood Fraternity's Barn Dance.

MAKING THE POOR HAPPY.

Xavier Notes and Other Items.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The Hollywood Fraternity of Deaf-Mutes scored another success on the evening preceding Thanksgiving Day.

On that evening was given an entertainment quite unique in this metropolis. It was called "Barn Dance," and the decorations of the Royal Academy Hall, at 125th Street and Seventh Avenue, were in accordance with the idea of farm life and rustic frolic.

Sheaves of wheat encircled every pillar of the large hall, and in one corner, pendant from a ladder hung a huge turkey, that was later "chanced" off and became the property of Mr. N. Dernberg.

The hall was filled to overflowing, the estimated attendance being four hundred.

Prizes had been announced for the most appropriate country garb worn by the gentlemen and ladies, respectively, but only a score or so undertook to compete.

The Judges were chosen from the different deaf-mute Societies represented, and the awards were made as follows:—

Gentlemen—First prize, Robert McGinnis; 2d prize, M. Rabbie; 3d prize, George Rau.
Ladies—First prize, Miss Rosa Schmidt; 2d prize, Miss Daley; 3d prize, Mrs. Donovan.

After the prizes had been awarded, dancing occupied the time until the hours of the morning when the milkman goes his rounds. The floor was kept well filled with devotees of Terpsichore throughout the entire night.

To describe some of the costumes would be a vain task. Suffice it to say that gingham and calico predominated with the gentler sex, who looked, with their features coyly hidden by immense hoods, the pictures of maidenly modesty and rustic comeliness.

The men were appareled in queer country togs, and J. Aven's was a replica of Fred Stone in his amazing and amusing scarecrow.

The programs came from the printing office of Edward Elsworth, and were very neat specimens of the printer's art. The cover, in three colors, showed the moon looking down on a farm house with a sheaf of golden grain in the foreground, a sickle and some morning glories adding embellishment to the bucolic scene. The title and dance pages were neatly bordered, and the whole was printed in blue. Altogether it reflects much credit upon Mr. Elsworth for taste and skill.

The officers of the Hollywood Fraternity are:—

Officers—Murray Campbell, President; William W. Thomas, Vice-President; Alfred C. Stern, Secretary; Henry Beuermann, Treasurer.
Executive Committee—Edward C. Elsworth, Chairman; Charles E. Brewer, Harry Holmes.

Board of Trustees—William Renner, Chairman; John H. Keiser, Chester Q. Mann.

Conforming to its annual custom, St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, through its parishioners and the Guild, distributed baskets of Thanksgiving dinners to nineteen needy families, each basket having a net value of two dollars. In addition to this outside assistance, a long table, laden with good things, was spread in the Guild room of the Church, and after Rev. Mr. Keiser had invoked the Divine blessing, eighteen deaf-mutes feasted upon the customary dainties of the day. For the first time in many years, Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain was absent, and his friends were very anxious concerning him. On the Tuesday preceding, he was stricken with pneumonia, and grave fears were entertained, as it was the third time he has had the disease. But fortunately, the most prompt and vigorous medical treatment was applied, and the progress of the pneumonia checked. At present he is rapidly improving, and in a short time will most likely have entirely recovered his wonted good health.

Good old St. Peter's, over in New Jersey, was the mecca of fifty or more of the Catholic deaf last Sunday. They were not all residents of the Jersey towns, however, which should be an incentive to the numerous Catholic deaf living in the Oranges, Newark, Paterson, Passaic, and numerous other towns, north, south and west of Jersey City to take notice. Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J., conducted the service, which embraced a short ser-

mon on the gospel of the first Sunday of Advent, concluding with benediction in the church. Among the announcements made was that of a combined Christmas Tree Festival and New Year's Reception by St. Peter's Society of the Deaf, in honor of their fifth anniversary. The Xavier deaf will forego their Christmas jollification in order to help their friends at St. Peter's, and the Committee in charge, of which Julius Kickers is head, hope to make the event memorable. Mr. P. A. Campbell, who was present Sunday, was enthusiastic on the subject of celebration, and will probably lend his assistance to the committee.

It is encouraging to note the increase in attendance at the Xavier Club's gymnasium on Saturday evenings, from among the deaf-mute ranks. The preliminary exercise consists in practise with pulleys, rowing apparatus, dumbbells, Indian clubs, horizontal bar and horses, with which the gymnasium is well equipped. Later in the evening, the hearing and deaf members form "fives," and an exciting basket ball game generally results. To Messrs Kickers and Jos. M. O'Donnell, the latter of whom assumes the responsibilities of president this week, is due the interest in the Saturday night gymnasium class.

In a practice run last Saturday evening from the Xavier Club house on Fourteenth Street to Columbus Circle, on Fifty-ninth Street, and return, Eugene Pons and a hearing club mate outdistanced a party of five who started with them. There was no attempt to make a record, but the distance, five miles, was covered in good time. After a bath and rub down, Pons was as cheery and rosy in looks as if he had just arisen from a sound nap. He promises to bring credit to the Deaf-Mute Xavierites.

A party of Xavier members, with Julius Kickers in command, expect to make the competitors of the New Jersey Society Whist Tournament, next Saturday evening, hustle to win the individual prizes offered by the club.

John Walsh, secretary of Xavier Deaf-Mute Club, who is also looking to the development of a basketball team among members in that organization, hopes before the season is over to issue a challenge to the New Jersey Society Five for a game at the Xavier gymnasium. Such an event would prove interesting.

William Friedman, of 426 Himrod Street, Brooklyn Borough, New York City, who left the Fanwood School last June, while he yet had several years allowed him, died from blood poisoning, and was buried on Wednesday, November 27th, in Holy Trinity Cemetery. William Friedman was a promising boy. While at Fanwood he was put in the cabinet shop, and bade fair to turn out as a good workman. He found employment with Donaldson, Manufacturer of Plain and Ornamental Building Stone, at Richmond Hill, L. I., and for one of only fifteen years, was doing remarkably well, and beginning to warrant the esteem of his employer. His mother and other relatives have the sincere sympathy of all. The grandmother of the deceased, Mrs. Sarah Bayne, is an inmate of the Gallaudet Home, and to her also is expressed sympathy in the loss of a grandson that gave so much promise.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Leschmyer, of 92 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., gave a family dinner at Davis Parlor on Thanksgiving night, in honor of their sister, Miss Ruth J. Bodenwieser and Mr. Simon Hirsch, whose betrothal has recently been announced. Covers were laid for about thirty six guests, and the tables were beautifully decorated with pink chrysanthemums. After the collation was served, dancing was indulged in until midnight.

Seymour A. Gomprecht, who has recently become a Benedict and set up a coxey home for himself and bride, had a hair-raising experience last week. He descended to the basement of his domicile to see about the ice supply, and the janitor's dog resented the intrusion and bit him in the leg. The wound received prompt attention, and Seymour is all right again. "When a man marries, his trouble begins."

After three months spent in Europe, Mrs. William Liggins arrived in this city on November 26th. On reaching her home in Long Island, she was agreeably surprised by receiving a cut-glass vase filled with flowers, donated by the German Deaf-Mute Society of New York.

After fourteen years of wandering and working in the United States and Canada, Harry Zerwich was joined in the bonds of matrimony to Miss Julia Block. The event occurred last week, and the happy couple are at housekeeping on upper Fifth Avenue.

There will be a country ball and games and other sports at Dunellen, N. J., on the afternoon and evening of February 22d, 1908, under the management of deaf-mutes of Newark and Brooklyn. Particulars will be given in an advertisement in this paper very soon.

Charles Pechette, a graduate of the New York Institution, died at his home in Long Island City, early on the morning of Friday, November 29th. The cause of his death was consumption. He had been sick over a year.

The Ladies' Alpha Society will give a whist party in the Deaf-Mutes' Union League Room, on Saturday evening, December 14th. Admission, 25 cents, including refreshments and prizes.

Mrs. Neiser was in Albany over Thanksgiving, on a visit to her married daughter. The latter recently saw the play of "The Red Mill," in which Mr. and Mrs. Meinken's little daughter has a part.

On Sunday afternoon, at St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, Rev. John H. Keiser baptized the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Stipek. She was named Edna May.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac N. Soper spent Thanksgiving Day in Peekskill, with Mrs. Soper's son and daughter-in-law and the two wonderful little grandchildren.

Mrs. Henry J. Haight will spend the winter months at Atlantic City, N. J.

FREDERICK CITY, MD.

Mr. E. C. Wyand, of the Maryland School, was in town again last Saturday, and spent the day with friends.

"He has been looking better since August 1st, than at any town since he came to Frederick," and it was his wish to keep in this condition that caused them to arrange with Mr. Geo. Faupel, with consent of Prof. Ely, to temporarily relieve him. Mr. Wyand contracted La Grippe last April, and was at his worst state while at the National Association of the Deaf Convention in Norfolk, he going there contrary to request of his physician. He took, as usual, his summer outing, going to Blue Ridge Summit, the famous resort of Baltimore, which is only fifteen miles from his home. His physician did not object to his taking up work in September, and he will return at an early date. Mr. Wyand has been living a strenuous life with his mother and young brother, near Keedysville, where they have a beautiful country home. This is a serious misfortune for many a helpless cotton tail and a mortal dread to Farmer Tumble-down's bovine.

Harry Cregar, our soldier, fireman and all-round ball player, holds the eye opening record for knocking out rabbits. His last score is twenty-two in one day. That's shooting 'em for this section. Miss Blanche Shrader, who resides just across Mason and Dixon line, was at the School Commencement last June, and at Braddock Picnic in August. This is another case of pure orismism deserving pity. She finds it a bitter pill to put, out of sheer necessity, learn a language she was taught to scorn and look upon with contempt. Conversation was carried on with pad and pencil.

The Washington, Frederick and Gettysburg Trolley, is under way and nearly finished from this city to Thurmont in the Western Maryland Railroad, the first section of it. Harry Kemp's father is President and chief promoter of the company. A little engine and coach have been brought here from Manhattan. The teachers and pupils of Maryland School, make frequent excursions to White Rock, eight miles from the city.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, of Baltimore, preached in Williamsport one night last week to a mixed audience of deaf and hearing people.

Mr. H. G. Benson, of the school printing office, has been making himself handy about home lately cause. He is entertaining his mother-in-law.

Mr. A. B. Snowman has been carrying his left optic in a sling. One morning while going to his toilet, took up a seat in an automobile only to have his avoirdupois tilt the thing up, and letting him slide out on the curb, so much out of equilibrium that the wrong end struck terra firma. This recalls that while A. B. was heading towards St. Louis, in 1904, his train bumped into another train, and he landed on his head that time, getting his right optic closest to the point of impact.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.

December 22d, Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday at 3 P. M.

DECEMBER 8TH

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10.30 A.M.

DECEMBER 15TH

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10.30 A.M. Holy Communion.
Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

U. S. Treasurer Had To Borrow Cash.

While confidence in human nature is not wholly restored among the "L" road ticket-sellers smarting under losses from Canadian dimes and "plugged" nickels passed on them, nevertheless a new sentiment of trustfulness has suddenly become apparent.

One day six weeks ago an elderly gentleman, sedately clad and burdened with two travelling bags, bustled up the stairs of the Sixth Avenue downtown "L" Station at Thirty-third Street and halted at the ticket window. He was out of breath, and in nervous haste he slipped a five-dollar bill from a goodly roll and pushed it through the window under the nose of J. A. Van Valkenburg, the ticket-seller.

Van Valkenburg has been gathering in nickels for the company for many years.

"This is no Chemical Bank. A two-spot is our top limit," said he. "Dear me, dear me!" muttered the man with the travelling bags, whose ear had caught the rumble of a southbound train. "I am the United States Treasurer, my friend," he continued, "but I haven't got a coin—not a nickel—in change, and if I don't catch this train I'll miss my train to Washington. I'll—"

"You're what?" asked Van Valkenburg, eying the stranger coldly and critically.

"I'm just what I said—the United States Treasurer," snapped the despairing man. He plunged both hands into his pockets in a vain search for a nickel, but could only bring out three pennies after a hurried search of all his pockets.

Suddenly Van Valkenburg spoke and acted. Gathering in the three pennies he tossed out a ticket and said:

"Well, you look good to me and I'll take a chance. So long, Mr. Treasurer."

After the elderly unknown had dashed aboard the train discharging a verbal volley of thanks over his shoulders. Van Valkenburg calmly reviewed the situation. When he recounted the incident to his fellow ticket sellers, loud and long was the laugh. It passed from station to station, invaded the cars and took possession of conductors and guards.

Van Valkenburg bore the jeers, but not with patience. In the old days, before the cares of rapid transit came into his life, he was a professional ballplayer, who is still affectionately remembered by venerable fans as "Old Van." His early training on the diamond helped him in this emergency. Never had he reviled an umpire as he denounced the unbelievers who scoffed at his story of a United States Treasurer with only three cents in change in his pocket.

"I'll prove that I wasn't stung," declared the indignant ticket-seller at last. "I'll write to the Treasurer and his answer will settle the question."

So the letter was written and mailed, and by return mail came an answer that made Van Valkenburg glow with pride. Here is the letter.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF THE TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Mr. Van Valkenburg—I got home yesterday, and am very much amused at your letter inquiring if I am the real Treasurer of the United States. Yes, I am the real coin and no counterfeiter.

I am indebted to you for the very prompt and also gracious help in the loan of the needed 2 cents to my 50. fare, as you could not change the \$5 note I presented. I beg to inclose two 2-cent stamps to reimburse you and to again express my cordial appreciation of your confidence in my personality.

My wife says I could travel, she believes, to the Pacific coast in my personal word, but I always make good.

This is rather an amusing episode, and I hope the sequel may help the other fellow who may need some time your friendly help. I am, truly yours,

CHARLES H. TREAT,
Treasurer of the United States.

Exultantly shaking the documentary evidence under the noses of the scoffers, Van Valkenburg spoke feelingly:

"So you fellows thought that old Van had been fooled, did you? You forget that he is wise to the high sign of the 'Panhandlers' Union, and that all kinds of 'brace' and 'touch' from brass-finished to 'tear-soaked' are old to him. When the United States Treasurer is in need of a two-cent loan he can rely upon me to help him out."

"Why, I never doubted his identity for a minute. His credentials were in his face, and I had wit enough to read them straight."

Filled with the joy of having so eminent an official as Treasurer of the United States on his correspondence list Van Valkenburg forwarded a second letter to Washington. It outlined the writer's record of honorable achievement in various walks of life and hinted at his eagerness to visit Washington and gaze upon the golden treasures in the Treasurer's keeping.

The Treasurer's reply to this second missive reads:

I am very much interested in your kindly letter. You certainly should not take any censure upon yourself for the natural inquiry you made. I can well understand how even the trained eye of the business man goes amiss.

In order that you have a souvenir that shall be acceptable in the episode, I have ventured to send you a photograph of myself sitting at my desk in the Treasurer's office, with my signature attached. Should

you come to Washington the courtesies of my official duties will be at your service. Yours very truly, CHARLES H. TREAT.

Van Valkenburg is no longer scoffed at by his fellow-workers. Simultaneous with his vindication came the sudden change of heart along the Sixth Avenue road. Impetuous elderly gentlemen with kindly countenances are strong favorites. Free transportation is almost thrust upon them.—*N. Y. World.*

Oldest Symbol in the world.

A POPULAR fad in jewelry just now is the swastika, worn as a scarf pin or a watch charm. Many wear the curious emblem without knowing anything of its meaning or its wonderful history. No sign or emblem in all the world is so universal, and so unaccountable in its wide distribution as the swastika. It has been found among the relics of primitive peoples, literally all over the world. The swastika has been discovered wherever anthropologists have searched. A map is contained in the report of the United States National Museum on "The Swastika—Earliest Known Symbol, and Its Migrations." Swastikas are engraved on monuments of the most ancient date in all parts of the earth, on pottery of the neolithic and bronze ages, on primitive terracotta figures, on altars, weapons, amulets of ancient Europe, Asia, Africa and America.

The American Indians and the Aztecs had been picturing it for many centuries when America was discovered. The swastika was used by the earliest Christians, together with the Egyptian key of life, as the symbol of their religion.

Among the American Indians, as in prehistoric Europe, Africa and Asia, the swastika is the symbol of good luck, of protection, of consecration. The Sanskrit name "swastika" is freely translated by one authority as "a symbol of bliss and salvation."

The Power of Prayer

The Bible account of the power of prayer is the best we have, or can have:

Abraham's servant prays—Rebecca appears.

Jacob prays—the angel is conquered; Esau's revenge is changed to fraternal love.

Joseph prays—He is delivered from the prison of Egypt.

Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited, Israel triumphs.

Joshua prays—the sun stands still; victory is gained.

David prays—Ahiathophel goes out and hangs himself.

Asa prays—Israel gains a glorious victory.

Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his anger and smiles.

Elijah prays—the little cloud appears; the rain descends upon the earth.

Elisha prays—the waters of the Jordan are divided; a child restored to life.

Isaiah prays—one hundred and eighty-four thousand Assyrians are dead.

Hzekiah prays—the sun dial is turned back; his life is prolonged.

Mordecai prays—Haman is hanged; Israel is free.

Nehemiah prays—the king's heart is softened in a minute.

Ezra prays—the walls of Jerusalem begin to rise.

The church prays—Peter is delivered by an angel.

Paul and Silas pray—the prison shakes; the door opens, every man's bonds are loosed.—*Sel.*

What is foolscap.

Everybody the world over recognizes that paper foolscap size means a standard measurement of thirteen inches by sixteen, yet how few can give the reason why. In England the paper mark was originally a crow, and when the commonwealth was set up Cromwell was approached as to what mark should be used in the future. He, with characteristic contempt for crowns, replied: "A fool's cap;" and so it became and remained, for at the restoration the matter was overlooked until too late to act upon the ultimate discovery.—*Sel.*

A Moving Appeal.

He was a motherless boy and his father's only child, but some of the relatives had decided that he should be sent to a boy's school, fifty miles from home, and at last the father had agreed to the plan.

Forty-eight hours after his boy's departure the father received a letter, which was, although not faultless as an example of spelling, so much to the point, and so in accord with his own feelings, that the plans for the future were speedily readjusted.

"Dear father," wrote the exile, "It's all right here and I'm not homesick I believe, but life is very short, and don't you think you'd better let us spend some more of it together?"

"Your affectionate son,"

"THOMAS."

Maine furnishes forty-one city school superintendents to other States.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Freshmen Defeat the "Ducks."

ON THE GRIDIRON.

East Wing Chronicle.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 1, 1907.—The Freshmen defeated the Ducks in the annual game between the two classes, Thanksgiving morning, by the score of 10 to 0, the result of touchdowns by Hower and Byrne, and "Soupy" Bell's failure to kick both goals. The Freshmen had much the more experienced team, but suffered some bad luck in the injuries of Hower and McDonald, which prevented these two stars from showing accustomed form. As has so often happened, the Ducks proved unexpectedly strong on the defensive. Birk, the big tow-head, and little McInnes were about the whole thing for their side on the offense, while Byrne, Hower, Mosey, Bailey, and Morris all gained consistently for the Freshies. Norman McDonald was hurt in the first minute of play, but stuck to the game with Spartan grit. After the contest, it was found he had broken his collar bone.

The Freshies opened the social by kicking off. They got the oval on downs, and N. McDonald carried it on a high jump over the rush line for which his side was penalized. At this Norman became provoked, and on the next play, instead of trying for a drop-kick, punctured a hole in the rush line with a low, vicious punt. It was the Ducks' ball on their own 10-yard line. McInnes got off a beautiful punt to center field. Mosey, and Bailey went through the tackles, with Byrne occasionally burning an Auburn streak around the other end, brought the ball back near the I. C. goal, where it was lost on downs. Again the little Scotchman booted it back to mid-field. This sort of play continued for twenty minutes, when Leon Jones, suffering from a hurricane in his head, was relieved by W. Bell at quarter for the Freshmen. Hower, in spite of the injury received in the M. A. C. game, was right in the thick of the fray, and soon purloined the ball on a fumbled forward pass and crossed for a touchdown.

The ball was in I. C. territory during the whole half, only McInnes' fine punting preventing more touchdowns. On the offensive, the Duck line always sprung a leak somewhere.

Near the close of the second half, after Byrne, had made the second touchdown, the features of the game were pulled off. On a fake punt, McInnes escorted the oval 20 yards and into hostile territory. From close to the side-lines, Birk, raced across the breadth of the field and back again, and had dodged all of the Freshmen and had gained 40 yards, when he met Vinson, who ended his run and nearly his life by encircling his neck in a passionate embrace and landing him on his head.

For this show of too intense emotion, the Freshmen were penalized. This put the oval on their 5-yard line in possession of the Ducks. Here somebody should have heaved a brick at the time-keepers who butted in with the cruel announcement that the twenty minutes of the second half were up.

FRESHMEN	DUCKS
Morris	Schafer
Hower	left end
Vinson	left tackle
Bell	Blanchard
Morris	right guard
Talbert	center
Grace	right tackle
Craven	left guard
Byrne	right end
Bailey	left half back
N. McDonald	full back
Mosey	right half back
Jones	quarter back
Bell	

Referee—Fred O'Donnell, '09. Umpire—Dean Tomlinson, '08. Head linesman—Robert Lee Davis, '09. Linesmen—Cohen, '11, and Wright, I. C. Timekeeper—Robinson, '11, and Toomey, '10. Time—Twenty-five and twenty minute halves.

T. S. W., '08.

The Literary Society gave the following program Friday evening: ESSAY: "Employment of Child Labor," Fred Schoneman, '08. DEBATE: "Resolved, That the United States Government should own and operate the railways." Affirmative, George Bailey, '11, and Archibald Wright, I. C.; Negative, Edwin Nies, '11, and A. McDonald, I. C. Judges, Alvin Kutzleb, '08, Walter Posthuma, '09, and Robert Davis, '09. Decision in favor of affirmative side.

DECLAMATION: "Lord Ullin's Daughter," Norman McDonald, '11. CRITIC'S REPORT.

At a meeting of the Regular football team, Fred O'Donnell, '08, was elected captain for next year. The reserves elected Elmer Talbert, '11, captain for their own team to serve next year.

Thanksgiving Day services were held in the chapel Thursday morning.

Mr. Ballard, '66, delivered

the opening prayer. A Thanksgiving song was rendered by Arthur and Isabelle Long, of the Kendall School. "Why We, as Students of Gallaudet College, Should be Thankful," formed the topic of an address by Mr. Schoneman, '08, who, speaking for the student body, urged us to be thankful for the benefits received from dear Gallaudet. Miss Gertrude Nelson, '08, gracefully signed "A Thanksgiving Hymn."

Dr. Gaw delivered an inspiring Thanksgiving address, choosing the text, "In Everything Give Thanks." A vein of optimism pervaded throughout his remarks. In the course of his address, he said the deaf of America had good cause for thanksgiving, as they enjoy more privileges than the deaf of any other nation, and are placed on a common plane with hearing persons.

Now that the football season is closed, attention is being diverted to winter sports. The football warriors are settling back in their accustomed haunts, nursing the many scars and sprains received in friendly (?) tussles. Like a war-scarred veteran, they muse over the battles of the past. The Garlic Field is to them hallowed soil! There many a warrior risked life and limb for the honor and glory of Gallaudet. And when victory smiled there in the distance, through the smoke of battle, could they see the haunting colors of the Buff and Blue. All honor to the gridiron heroes who fought for the Buff and Blue.

Odie W. Underhill, '08, Charles L. Clarke, '06, and McInnes, I. C., spent Friday on horseback, exploring the regions of far-famed Virginia.

Those students remaining here during the Thanksgiving vacation had their inner man filled up with an excellent Thanksgiving dinner. The repast served was worthy of being called, in a classic style, epicurean.

Saturday afternoon, a football game was played on Garlic Field, between two picked teams, dubbed the "Stars" and "Kickers." Nearly all the varsity players showed up in the game. The score turned out 5 to 4, in favor of the "Stars."

Miss Elizabeth Peet spent Thanksgiving with her brother, Walter, in New Jersey.

Norman McDonald, '11, is laid up with a broken collar bone.

Mr. John A. Boland, '88, has given his consent to deliver a lecture before the Literary Society during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Samuel Hurwitz, of New York, was a visitor here last week.

Mr. George H. Faupel, '07, spent Thanksgiving with his old time friends on the Green.

The students' dance came off Friday night, and was a success in every way. The committee, who made the affair enjoyable, were: George Harper, '08, Robert Lee Davis, '09, Gilbert Isaackson, '10, and Elmer Talbert, '11.

The Jollity Club gave an excellent three-act play, entitled "Hazel's Secret," in Chapel Hall, Wednesday evening. Following is the program:

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Miss Wilkins, a severe principal,.....	Miss Fitzgerald, '09
Gypsy Fortune Teller, in possession of grave secrets,.....	Miss Johnson, '09
Hazel Hunter, poor, but a bright pupil,.....	Miss Thieson, '10
Julia Jermaine, rich but less bright and jealous of Hazel,.....	Miss Johnson, '10
Winnie Wallace, a general favorite with poetic aspirations and a friend to Hazel,.....	Miss Routh, '10

Pupils who toady to Julia: Mary McInture,.....Miss Lewis, '10; Ethel Edwards,.....Miss Eaton, '11; Margaret Manning, Miss Van Ostrand, '11; Lottie Lawrence,.....Miss Fandrem, I. C.

Tom Williams, '08, has been training with Gino Bertoglio, a professional wrestler, during the past two weeks. The Italian signs very well, he having two deaf brothers. He meets Joe Turner, a local wrestler, to-morrow. Williams will very likely challenge the winner of the match to a tussle.

George Bailey, '11, kept up his Pettijohn and milk diet, in spite of the tempting Thanksgiving dinner set before him. To lovers of the turkey, he furnished a pitiable sight by foregoing such a luxury. George enjoys his diet as ever.

Prof. Herbert E. Day delivered an address at chapel services Sunday afternoon. He chose as his text "And they did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart." Acts II.

S. C., '11.

Boston

Mr. John E. Crane, of Hartford, Ct., will officiate at religious services, in Boston, on December 15th, Mr. Albert L. Carlisle, of Maine, will officiate on December 22d.

A deaf-mute conducted a religious service in Springfield, Sunday, for a congregation of deaf-mutes. Not a word was spoken, the entire service being conducted in the sign language, which would be very acceptable to the sleepers to be found in many congregations.—*North Adams (Mass.) Transcript.*

OHIO.

Good Work in Aid of the Home.

THANKSGIVING DRAMA.

News from Everywhere.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of M. A. B. Greener, 933 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

November 29, 1907.—The Ladies Aid Society held its November meeting last Thursday evening, in the Library of the Institution, with a good attendance.

Mrs. Wm. Rose, Mrs. Verna Carr Worstaff, Mrs. Charles Corey and Miss Clara Winton, were made honorary members of the Society by the payment of one dollar each. They are all non-residents. Mrs. Kolma Albert and Miss Margaret Schumacher were elected as active members. A list of articles needed at the Home was read and several were ordered purchased. The annual election for officers occurs next month, on the 19th, and as a nominating committee Miss Young, Miss Dresback and Mrs. Neutzing were selected by the president. Various committees for the musketeer party to be given to-morrow evening, were announced by the president. Every member was assigned to some duty. The membership of the Society is now thirty nine.

The Columbus Advance Society had its monthly meeting Tuesday evening, November 26th, in the room formerly occupied as the High School Dining room, but serves now as apartments for some of the employees of the Institution. The place back in the eighties was put up and used as the Boys' Reading Room.

The Society looks to the furnishing of the Cottage, and as it was found that the chimney thereof was defective, the Superintendent of the Home will be ordered to have it remedied.

It was decided to remember each inmate, in some way the coming Christmas, with some gift, and Messrs. J. B. Showalter, August Beckert and Albert Steel were appointed a committee to look after the purchase.

The Society as a body was invited to be guests of the Columbus Branch of the Gallaudet College Association, on the evening of December 10th. The same was accepted and the Secretary ordered to extend the society's thanks for the honor.

Jacob Vogelbund was admitted as a member and Clifford Rose's name was presented for membership, which will be acted upon at next meeting. Some talk was indulged in towards having the several Advance Societies united into one body, and thus secure more united action in working for the Home, at the same time putting more life and interest in the smaller ones. The difficulty, however, is to hit upon the right plan.

The next meeting will take place on the first Tuesday in January.

The Trustees of the Institution at their meeting last week considered the report of the Superintendent, prepared theirs, and presented them to the Governor. The *Ohio Sun* comments thus on the report:—

In the report of the board of trustees for the School for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, submitted to the governor Thursday, the statement is made that the cost of the new hospital now in course of erection will be \$25,317, for which an appropriation of \$20,000 was made by the last general assembly.

The per capita cost of maintaining the inmates of the institution is \$9.31 less than last year, and the total cost of maintenance \$6,700 less than last year.

The competitive system of purchasing supplies for the institution has been installed and practiced with good results. Superintendent Jones recommends that one more year be added to the course of study to meet the demands of Gallaudet College, the only college in the world for the deaf and the equipment of pupils who do not care to go to this school.

There are 41 teachers in the school and 11 trade teachers, and the pupils are making commendable progress. There are three deaf and blind inmates—Leslie F. Oren, John Porter Rimes and Leonard Culpher, the last two colored pupils.

In the course of a recent Missionary trip through the two lower Dioceses of Michigan, the Rev. A. W. Mann was presented to the Annual Convention, in session on November 18th, in Detroit. The address was made by Bishop Charles D. Williams, formerly Dean of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland.

At St. Paul's Church, Flint, Mr. Mann repeated the story of General Convention at the former Capital of the Southern Confederacy; and the visit to Williamsburg, the seat of William and Mary College, and Capital of Colonial Virginia. The service was in the evening of the 14th. On the following morning, service was taken at the Institution Chapel, with a compulsory attendance of about 350 pupils.

From Flint the journey led through Port Huron, Detroit, Lansing, Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo and Toledo. Infant Baptism was administered at Ephphatha Mission, Detroit.

After the service and wedding at Kalamazoo, the Rev. Mr. Mann took the midnight train, changed cars at two o'clock in the morning, at Fort Wayne; and was in Cleveland next morning, (November 21st).

Superintendent Jones left Monday afternoon for Norfolk and Jamestown, where he will look after the returning of the school's exhibit at the late Exposition. By the way, the articles of handicraft work by the pupils of this school received many compliments from writers and the commissioners themselves of the Exposition. It was among the finest shown. While gone, Mr. Jones if he has time will visit Gallaudet College, and also the Philadelphia and New York Schools for Deaf.

Delightful Thanksgiving Day weather added zest to the pupils' big dinner for the occasion, which they had no trouble in making away. For this feast it took eight hundred pounds of turkey, one barrel of cranberries and eighty-six pies; pumpkin. The other good things consisted of mashed potatoes, celery, giblet gravy, dressing, pickles, coffee, bread and butter. Dr. Patterson conducted chapel service at 9:15. After it, the second Independents team contested with a team from Milo, and beat them 15 to 5. The game was on the home grounds. A social in the recreation halls marked the afternoon's feature. In the evening a drama, "Hearts and Diamonds," in three acts prepared by a committee of teachers, Mr. Odebrecht, Miss Hesey and Miss Branigan, delighted all who witnessed it. All the actors of the play did their several parts well. The cast of characters was:

Bernice Halstead—A young lady of nineteen with an affection of the heart, a lover of art and a devotee of domesticity. Lena Froelich—Her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic. Constance Carr—A young visitor willing to share in the fun. Edna Dillon—Mrs. Halstead's widow, mother of Dwight Bradley and stepmother to the Halstead girls. Frances Rumsey—Dwight Bradley's fortune hunter, and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage. Otto Kloeppel—Dr. Burton—A young physician, nephew of Dwight Bradley, who falls in love with Bernice. August Beckert—Sammy—Servant in the Halstead house. Irven Burton—Abraham Barnes—A Yankee farmer, uncle of Dr. Burton. Fred Ross—Hannah Mary Barnes—His wife. Emma Neumann—Paul Wilson—An Attorney. Delbert Walters—Sheriff. Joseph T. Cay

The First Independents left at noon for Bucyrus, where they were matched against the High School team of that place. There was a large attendance of the towns people and much interest was manifested as to the result. Unfortunately for our boys, they came out last, the score being 11 to 0 against them. This was probably due to the fact that three of the regular players were not in the game.

Mr. Fred Krull, of Cleveland, came down to root for the boys, and Fred. Hutter, of Upper Sandusky, was also there for the same purpose.

The Ohio Branch, of the Gallaudet College Association held a meeting in the Library of the institution for the election of officers. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, following came the treasurer's report, which showed a balance of over \$2.50. An assessment was made to meet certain expenses for the Gallaudet day celebration. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

President, Mr. C. W. Charles; Vice-President, Mrs. Bessie McFadden Cook; Secretary, Miss Ethel Zell (re-elected); Treasurer, Mrs. Ida Ohlemacher Zorn. It was agreed that the Secretary should hereafter furnish the Alumni Editor of the *Buff and Blue* the doings of the Branch, and such other items concerning former Ohioans at Gallaudet that would be of interest to the readers of the publication at large.

Rev. A. W. Mann was to have lectured before Clonias Society, Saturday evening last, but the occupation of the chapel by the entertainment committee for Thanksgiving, made it necessary to postpone the talk to some other time. Rev. Mann conducted a service in Trinity Chapel, Sunday forenoon, and in the afternoon went over to Newark, Ohio, where he held an evening service for the deaf there.

Mr. McGregor, accompanied by his daughter, Jeanette, were at the Home Sunday. The former holding a service for the people there. All in good health.

Among the visitors here Thursday were Roy Hockenborough, of near Zanesville, who works in a brick yard at \$1.50 a day, and David Dresback, of Johnstown.

The campaign for the Home has started out in earnest this fall, and it is gratifying to its friends to learn that so much interest is taken in its behalf. Let the good work go on, now that it has started up so grandly, and the seven thousand dollars for the farm addition will be realized before we know it. Cincinnati has taken hold to do its share.

Thursday evening an entertainment for the benefit of the Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf under the auspice of the Charity Circle was held at St. Paul's Cath-

edral House. It proved a very enjoyable affair to the one hundred and seventy-five people who attended, as well as a success financially. Thanks especially are due to Mrs. Dundon and Miss Hannah Ranz, for the part they had in the affair in making it a success. Those who acted in the programme, all did themselves credit, too. There were some very laughable hits made in the dialogue and parts, while the signing of the hymns were very pretty.

Following is the program:

Welcome.....Mrs. Mary Dundon
Behind the fans by the players.....
"Can you guess who we are,"
Fan Drill, by Miss Pinney and Mrs. J. F. Creelman; Misses Ranz and Seinensohn; Mrs. Walker and Miss. Ellerhorst
Rock of Ages.....Mrs. Joseph Vance
A Boy's Opinion, by Masters Walter and Clifford Ellerhorst
Dutchman's Cheese.....Mr. John H. Mueller
Comin' Thro' the Rye.....Mrs. Joseph F. Creelman
Nearer, My God to Thee.....
By Misses Ranz, Pinney, Ellerhorst and Telscher, Mrs. Eikens and Walker.
Dialogue, "Family Jar".....
By Miss Ranz and Mr. Mueller, Mrs. Fisher and Mr. Taylor.
Amen.....Miss Marie Busch

The officers of the Charity Circle are: Miss Louise Eesenbeck, President; Mrs. J. F. Creelman, Vice-President; Miss Hannah Ranz, Secretary; Mrs. Mary Dundon, Treasurer.

The deaf of Cincinnati and nearby towns are cordially invited to attend a lecture by Prof. R. P. McGregor, of Columbus, for the benefit of the Home Farm Fund, under the auspices of the N. F. S. D., at the Odd Fellows' Temple, on 7th and Elm Streets, December 26th, 1907. Your attendance will help to swell the Fund.

At a recent meeting of the Anderson Club, the following officers were elected: President, Wiltshire Oxley; Vice-President, L. J. Felix; Secretary, L. J. Bacheberle; Treasurer, Herman Eikens; Sergeant-at-arms, T. Serray; Trustees, J. H. Bove and E. G. Hoffman.

It will thus be seen that the Club is still very much alive, and it proposes to remain so. For obvious reasons it has no permanent headquarters, though its bank account is in a very healthy condition. The members have been meeting monthly for the transaction of business, and it is likely a room will be rented where members may meet together Saturday evenings and Sundays, for social talks during the winter season, and also give an occasional social.

A Thanksgiving party was given for the benefit of the Home, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kleinhans, 3720 W. 36th Street, Cleveland, by the Ladies' Aid Society.

Refreshments were served to satisfy hungry appetites. Contest games were played, after which Cicero Wasserstrom helped himself with a chair to announce the winners. Losing patience when a handful of the audience busied itself with turkey talks, Cicero made a humorous but effective oration that brought the disturbers to their senses.

The society realized fifteen dollars. Those present were: Misses Herrington, Ross, Likierska, Rach, and Stottler, Mrs. Koelle, Bonhart, Malinski, Edam, Schutz, of Detroit, Mich.; Stocker, Gildersleeve, Malowski, Towner, Stottler, Faulhaber, and Stottler, Messrs. Schmeidl, Gable, Koelle, Wasserstrom, Friedman, Orloff, Bengsch, McGinnis, Faulhaber, Klippel, Bonhart, Wankowski, Campbell, of Reading, Mass.; Kleinhaus, Towner, Robinson, Schmolke, Donahy and Schulz.

A. B. G.

SYNAGOGUE SERVICE

Beth Israel Bikur Cholim.
72d Street, corner of Lexington Avenue.
Every Friday, evening, at 8 o'clock.

MARCUS L. KENNER,
Leader.

E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

DECEMBER, 1907.
8-10:30 A.M., St. Luke's, Portland, Me.

EDWIN FRISBEE,
189 Broadway, Everett, Mass., Missionary

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Henry gave a party, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. Deuel, at their home in Leroy, N. Y., on Thanksgiving Day. Among those present Mr. and Mrs. Collard, of Rochester; Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln A. Thompson and young son, of Hants, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Deuel, of Alabama, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Henry and son, Frank, of Leroy, N. Y.; and your writer, of Perry, N. Y. The guests enjoyed turkey dinner hugely. Mr. and Mrs. Deuel are going to Maine in order to live with their married daughter.

On the 12th of November last, Mrs. Chloe Child Waring, of Grinnell, Ia., had the misfortune to fall and injure her left hip. Her leg was a little out of position, with a slight crack, and consequently she suffered severely. At this writing she is doing nicely. Her friends hope that she will soon be able to get around again. Prior to the accident she and her husband paid a visit to the latter's father, who celebrated his eightieth birthday. An afternoon reception was held at the evening, at the Methodist Episcopal church, he read a paper on his church work in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Grise stood sponsors for the infant girl of Mr. and Mrs. Clara Pasquoli, when it was baptized at Chicopee Falls, Mass. Mr. Grise's niece works with him in the gun shop at that place.

PHILADELPHIA.

A Dramatic Entertainment Draws a Crowd.

A GUNNING STORY

News Brevities

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The last Thanksgiving Day was an ideal one as regards the weather in this locality, and everybody, who had the opportunity to go out, enjoyed it greatly.

Our deaf spent the day in their own good way; but in the evening nearly two hundred of them found their way to All Souls' Hall where a dramatic entertainment was given that added to the enjoyment of the day.

Following is the:—

PROGRAM

Address.....Rev. C. O. Dantzer
Magic tricks.....Henry Friemel
Rendition—"Y Country 'Tis of These"
Misses Jeanette King, J. Rodgers and Mrs. M. J. Syle.
"The Hypochondriac".....
Doctor: C. O. Dantzer; Argan: C. W. Waterhouse.
"A Case of Paresis".....
Miss Mae Stemple and W. H. Lipsitt
"The Eccentric Hebrew".....
Henry E. Stevens
A Pantomime.....
Mrs. M. J. Syle and Mrs. J. Rodgers
"A Thanksgiving Elopement".....
Miss Mary H. Spurr, Miss Gertrude Parker, Wallace Cook and W. H. Lipsitt.

It was in charge of the following Entertainment Committee: Thomas E. Jones (Chairman), W. H. Lipsitt, H. G. Gunkel, Mrs. M. J. Syle and H. E. Stevens.

All who participated in the exercises performed their part creditably. Master Lipsitt, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lipsitt also gave efficient service by interpreting the difficult parts for the hearing people present. The proceeds, which amount to about thirty dollars, will be placed in the Parish House Building Fund.

A story to suit the season. A gunning party of two Philadelphians, went to Bucks Co., on Saturday 23d, to gun for rabbits. During the day, one of the dogs got trail of a bunny, which quickly popped into a hole. One of the party poked in the hole with a stick; and the stick, not seeming long enough, he cut a longer one, and started to poke for the rabbit. There was a farmer husking corn about two fields away, and he yelled out: "What are you fellows trying to do up there?" The other gunners said to him: "What is that to you; we are not on your premises, are we?"

I know you are not, said the farmer, but you are knocking off my wife's preserves off the cellar shelf.—*Contributed.*

The Merry-maker's Club held its postponed business meeting and social at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, on Saturday evening, November 23d. Despite the unfavorable weather conditions, the meeting was well attended. Mr. Elmer Scott, one of the men sent to Washington, D. C., to work for their firm, was present, and afterwards returned to the Capital to finish his work. When the meeting was over, a game was enjoyed by the members. President Roach won the prize, and was awarded a pretty and useful prize, and a booby prize went to Mrs. J. L. Weency. Supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs were taken by surprise when a handsome vase was presented to them by the members as a remembrance of their wedding on the 26th of June last.

Miss Nellie Laird and Charles S. Yoder visited Mr. and Mrs. Lewis I. Ash, in Phoenixville, on Thanksgiving Day. Mrs. Lewis Ash's (Miss Renney) father died suddenly last October.

Announcement of the marriage of Miss Bertha Haldeman to Mr. John Foster, both of Camden, N. J., on November 16th, 1907, has sent out.

Mr. Richard Long and Mr. O. Lewis, of New York City, and Mr. Porter, of Trenton, N. J., and Mr. H. L. Yoder, of Reading, Pa., were visitors at the C. L. A. Hall, to see the entertainment on Thanksgiving Eve.

A Krokoberger, of Clarkshoro, N. J., was a visitor at All Souls' Church Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Cornelius Dever, of Pottsville, is visiting Philadelphia, as the guest of Mr. W. A. McIntyre.

Prof. Kirkhuff gave a lecture at the Beth Israel Synagogue this afternoon, on the ancient Jews. He compared them and their privileges with the modern ones, and showed us how much better off we are than our ancestors were. Considering, as he said, he knew little of the Jews, he did very well. On Sunday, December 8th, Chanucker services will be held.

Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Krause, of Allentown visited this city for several days last week and as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Brantis.

The Henry Phipps' Tuberculosis Sanatorium.

The Third Annual Report of the Henry Phipps' Institute of Philadelphia for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has just been published and calls attention to the striking fact that in every ward in Philadelphia in which an institution exists there has been a reduction in the death rate from this disease, while some of the adjoining wards without such institutions have shown an increase. The Sixth Ward during the past year has had the greatest reduction in its death rate of any in the city, and it is in this ward that the Phipps Institute has done most of its work. In the same way, there was a reduction in the death rate from tuberculosis in the Twenty-fourth Ward where the Rush Hospital was located, although the neighboring ward, in which there was exactly the same kind of a population, showed an increase in the death rate. It is pointed out in the report that this record is particularly suggestive in that there was considerable opposition to the establishment of the Rush Hospital, because of its supposed menace to the residents of its neighborhood, just as the erection of tuberculosis hospitals and dispensaries is everywhere opposed when projects for the establishment of these institutions become known. A study of racial susceptibility is also reported. Foreign-born citizens occupied nearly one half the attention of the Institute. The countries which sent it the heaviest burdens in order of sequence were, Russia, Ireland, Germany, Italy, Austria and Scotland. The same order holds good for the cases which came from the second generation, namely, the children born of immigrants. Only 31.3 per cent. of all the patients treated were of native ancestry one generation back. Children born of mixed parentage most frequently became victims when the union of parents was between Irish and native born and next between Irish and English.

The Institute finds that the frequency with which residence is changed by the consumptive poor constitutes a menace to public health and furnishes a strong argument in favor of registration of tuberculosis. It is also urged that disinfection of houses when vacated by consumptives, whether by death or removal, should be practiced everywhere. Dr. Lawrence F. Flick, the head of the Phipps Institute, says on this point: "Registration cannot save the tuberculous patient, but it can save those who are near and dear to him from a similar fate."

Sayings from the Talmud

If your wife is small, bend down in order to listen to her advice.

That which a child says beyond the house it has learned within the house.

It is easy to lead a man on the way which he desires to go.

Devotion with little prayer is better than much prayer without devotion.

He who destroyed the reputation of his fellow is a murderer.

The act of a foolish man can never be a precedent.

The soldiers do the fighting and the kings are gloried as heroes.

God looks first into the heart of man and then into the mind.—*Ex.*

Names of Roosevelt's Children

Several months ago Congressman Smith of Maryland was standing in front of the White House talking to some secret service men when a boy came dashing out of the executive mansion.

"Who's that?" queried the Congressman.

"That's Archibald Roosevelt," he was informed.

A moment later another youngster appeared through the same door, and Mr. Smith repeated his question.

"That's Kermit," said one of the guards.

Just then a third boy came swirling along on roller skates.

"I guess that's another one of the Roosevelt boys," suggested the Maryland statesman.

"Yes," was the answer, "that's Quentin."

"By gum," ruminated Mr. Smith, "they've all got names like sleeping cars. I feel just as if I were standing on the platform at home, watching the limited express shoot by."—*Exchange.*

PRAYER OF CANON WILBER-FORCE

Lord for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me from the stain of sin
Just for to-day;
Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in deed and word
Just for to-day;
Let me be slow to do my will
Prompt to obey;
Help me to scarify myself,
Just for to-day;
Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou Thy seal upon my lips
Just for to-day;
Yet for

CANADA NOTES.

Tuesday, November 19th, was a day of strenuous doings in the St. John's Deaf-Mute Association, as on that date the selection of officers for the next six months was decided. By means of the little, but all-powerful vote, and many a soaring ambition was cruelly soured by an inglorious defeat. After the smoke of the battle had cleared the upshot of the whole upheaval was soon apparent. Here's the roster for the next six months: President William Barille elected over S. J. Doherty by a long margin; Treasurer B. C. Brown by acclamation. Evidently the members of the Association were smitten with remorse for the defeat of Mr. Doherty, for, by general agreement, he was elected secretary. Joe was given the glad hand as he smilingly bowed his acceptance.

The following will hold down the chairs set apart for the Committee, H. Rennie, Robert Crawford, Samuel Stanton, Howard Breen, Abraham Levine and John McCarthy, would-be-lights who tried their strength against this incomparable galaxy are now thinking it over on back benches. The delicate task of selecting the Ladies' Committee came next. Rumor says the boys were easy marks for the fair vote seekers.

The election worked out as follows: Mrs. S. Stanton, Mrs. J. Avar, Miss E. L. Logan, Miss E. Scott. Retiring officer McKenzie blushed like a prize pumpkin at a county fair as he called the names of the winsome winners.

Mr. Harry Hampton will be caretaker of the rooms for six frosty months.

Mr. E. E. Prince retains his place as leader of the Bible Class. Mr. W. O. Barnaby will act as substitute.

Before voting began, President Doherty reviewed the work of the Association for the past six months. He complimented the officers and members for the excellent results of their work and added that the St. John's Association was second to none in Canada.

Veteran Hugh Rennie headed the polls with the largest number of votes.

Mr. William McDonald is thinking of following Mr. Breen's example by giving up his position in the postal service for the same reason.

Abe Levine, one of our promising young athletes, intends to keep in trim during the winter months for next season's work on the track. Abe is a comer.

Sharp on schedule time, President McKenzie, of the M. D. M. A., in St. John, on October 28th, and was just in time to see the grand shake-up in the local association. He rendered yeoman service to President Doherty during the election. Thanks, Mack.

Mr. Chester Brown, of St. John, left for London, Ont., to accept a good offer in an engraving office.

Mr. Howard Breen has given up his work in the post office at St. John. Same old story, pay too slim, another job for him.

Miss Beatrice McLean favored the association with a flying visit last Sunday. She may make St. John her home for the winter. We all hope so.

Mr. John McCarthy, the giant butcher, is a busy man these days, and with the coming of the winter steamers he won't have time to look at himself. Four hundred and seventy oxen was his number one week last month.

Mr. John McPherson, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., met with a painful accident a few weeks ago. He nearly cut off his forefinger while repairing a locomotive. We trust for his speedy recovery.

Mr. Elderkin Allen, of Amherst, N. S., spent Thanksgiving holidays in Halifax, N. S., and had a good time there.

Misses Edith and Lena Morrison, of Halifax, N. S., were in Truro, N. S., on Thanksgiving Day, visiting their sister, Mrs. Dunlop.

NORTHERN LIGHT.

Westminster, Md.

Miss Sallie Ebaugh, of Carrollton, Md., was in this city recently, and called at the shoeshop of Mr. Jacob H. Bemiller.

Mr. Herman H. Flick, of Manchester, Carroll Co., Md., is to be supervisor of the deaf boys at the Maryland School for the Deaf, at Frederick, Md. His father, Rev. Flick, is minister of the Emmanuel Lutheran Church in Manchester, Md.

Several deaf children of this place last September went back to school in Frederick, Md.

Miss Edna, daughter of Mr. Jacob H. Bemiller, is home again from Baltimore, Md., where she spent a very pleasant week, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Foreman.

Mr. Frank Harris, a deaf-mute, of Boston, Mass., was in this city recently, and met Mr. Jacob H. Bemiller at his shop. He is a travelling salesman.

Rev. D. E. Moylan will be at Hagerstown shortly, where he will hold a service for the deaf.

Last Tuesday evening Rev. D. E. Moylan held services in this city.

Miss Jennie Kimmelschue and Mr. Henry Schleibbaum, of Baltimore, were married on the 29th of No-

vember—Thanksgiving's Day—by Rev. J. E. Moylan.

J. H. B.

A Brilliant Wedding.

One of the leading events in Sandy Lake social circles during the present year was the wedding of Miss Bessie E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Free, of this place, to Mr. James M. Postlethwait, of Punxsutawney, which occurred at the home of Mrs. Charles Powers at high noon on Wednesday, November 20th. The affair was of unusual interest on account of the fact that the bride and groom are deaf-mutes.

Promptly at 12 o'clock the wedding party entered the dining room and the contracting parties took their places in the bay window of the dining room, under a wedding bell.

The ribbon bearers, Misses Ethel Egbert and Florence McClure, were followed by the flower girl, Miss Florence Whiting. Next came the officiating minister, Rev. L. H. Eddebute, of Slippery Rock, and Mrs. M. C. Sutter, sister of the groom, who interpreted the ceremony. The bride and groom were unattended. The Mendelssohn wedding march was played by Mrs. James P. McClure. The ceremony was as impressive as it was beautiful. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. E. McKinley, of this place, when the vows had been taken.

The bride's gown was a beautiful batiste, trimmed with white point lace insertion, and she carried white roses. The groom was attired in the conventional black. The house decorations were green, and white and the bride's table, at which fifteen were seated, was decorated with white roses and smilax.

Immediately following the marriage ceremony the guests extended congratulations and were then seated to a superb wedding dinner in five courses. The menu, as well as the manner in which it was served, was faultless, and was a feature of the event which everyone heartily enjoyed.

The guests lingered until late in the afternoon enjoying the hospitality of their host and hostess and the royal welcome of Mrs. Powers, who had so generously offered her beautiful home for the occasion. Among the features of entertainment which all enjoy so much were two songs by Miss Florence Whiting, entitled "I'm Such a Naughty Kid," and "Awfully Awful."

The bride needs no introduction in Sandy Lake. She grew to womanhood in our midst and is recognized as one of the town's most respected young ladies, a popular favorite among her large following of friends. The groom is a painter by trade, and is a young man who merits the confidence and high esteem of all who know him. The breeze joins in wishing them a long life of wedded happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwait received an elegant display of wedding gifts, including furniture, silverware, cut glass, china and linen, in a profusion of wealth and elegance. They will leave Saturday for their home at Punxsutawney, where the groom has a farm, and will be at home to their friends after December 2d. A reception will be given them on Thanksgiving day, at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwait, of Punxsutawney.

The guests numbered 175, those from out of town being as follows: Alex Johnston and wife, Barton L. Borland and wife, Miss Edna Borland, Harper Borland, Miss Mary Cooper, Robert Cooper, Cochran; Walter D. Wygal and wife, Milo Cochran and wife, New Castle; Amos Jones and wife and daughter, Zola, Albion; George Free and wife, Miss Mary Conway, Sharpsville; Miss Mary Irwin, Pennsboro; Mr. C. Sutter and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Postlethwait and son, Merritt, of Punxsutawney; Frank Peterson and wife, Misses Goldie and Alma Free, Hadley; Miss Mayne Hanna, Grove City; Miss Etta Reed, Franklin; R. B. Turner and wife, Raymont; Rev. and Mrs. L. H. Eddebute and daughter, Carrie, Slippery Rock; Misses Maud and Ida Jackson, Butler; Wm. Jack and daughter, Eva Kilgore; Mrs. Harvey Free, Mrs. Sarah Free, Clark's Mills; Oliver Perrine and wife, Jackson Center; Bert Carpenter and wife and Mrs. Miller, Carpenter's corners; Mrs. A. J. Artherholt, Transfers; Bert Rodemeyer and wife, Stoneboro.—Sandy Lake (Pa.) Breeze, Nov. 22.

Chester, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch celebrated the fifth anniversary of their wedding, at their residence, last night, and received some beautiful gifts. They spent an enjoyable time in playing some games. The reception was a most delightful affair. Those who received invitations were: Mr. and Mrs. Lindell Fell, Miss Eva Cox, Messrs. Maurice Fell and Thomas Keelins, of Wilmington, Del., Mrs. Viola King, Messrs. George Wilson and Arthur Fowler, of Philadelphia, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch and daughter, Myrtle, of Chester, Pa., Mr. and Mrs. John Tarry and Miss Nellie Lynch, of Upland, Pa., and

other hearing people of Chester, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindell Fell and Miss Eva Cox, of Wilmington, Del., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Tarry, of Upland, Pa., and returned home this evening.

The Delaware Co. Local Branch of the P. S. A. D., held a meeting at Charles Partington's residence, at Ridley Park, Pa., last Saturday night for the election of officers for the ensuing year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lynch and daughter, Myrtle, spent Thanksgiving Day with their relatives in Wilmington, Del.

BRIDGEPORT.

A birthday celebration was tendered Mrs. Robert D. Beers, of Bridgeport, on Saturday, November 23d, by a well arranged assembly of deaf people. The affair was under the direction of Misses Edith and Gordon Marshall, of Portchester, and their brother, Gilbert, of Derby. The participants assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Seaman, and at 8 o'clock the march to Mrs. Beers' home began. She was taken completely by surprise, the long army of marchers seemed to her as if the whole town was invading her home. It was Mrs. Beers' sixtieth anniversary. The refreshments served by Mrs. Seaman were delicious and appetizing. Games and merry-making was kept up until 7.30 Sunday morning, and before breakfast a subscription was sprung up which netted \$20, and was presented to Mrs. Beers in a sealed envelope.

After breakfast the guests prepared themselves to attend the services given by the Rev. John Chamberlain, at St. Paul's Church. Part of the guests went to St. Charles' Church to attend mass.

The participants were Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Beers, Mr. and Mrs. Seaman and daughter, J. J. Jones, H. F. Probst and Miss M. Shurtliff, of Bridgeport, Rev. and Mrs. John Chamberlain, Wilbur L. Bowers, John M. Jackson and Mr. McGinnis, of New York; Mr. Abe Marshall, Edith Marshall, Gordon Marshall, of Portchester, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Martling, of Greenwich, N. Y.; Miss J. Chinery, of South Norwalk, Miss Lockwood, of Stamford; Gilbert Marshall, M. Changnon, Mary Changnon, Mr. and Mrs. Costa and M. J. Dolan, of Derby; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Schindler, of Fairfield; Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Miss J. Wallin and Mr. and Mrs. Kirk, of Bridgeport; Mr. I. Beach, of Branford; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Royden and Miss Royden, of Milford; Mr. and Mrs. Frelliek, of Stamford, Miss Fannie McQueeney and Mr. Marchman, of New Haven. Rev. John Chamberlain and Mrs. Chamberlain were in Bridgeport Sunday recently, but left for New York to be there in time for service at St. Ann's Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Martling left Bridgeport after service for New Haven, to see relatives.

Some New York Society ought to hire Gilbert Marshall at some entertainment; he was applauded at the Beers party for his excellent songs, etc.

Bridgeport will soon have a new deaf-mute society.

BROOKLYN CHARLIE.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the third Sunday of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

JERSEY CITY.—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.

Rev. J. H. Cloud, Minister, 2606 Virginia Avenue.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M. Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

Service for Deaf-Mutes.

DECEMBER 1907.
8-10:45 A.M., Trinity, Boston. Holy Communion.
3:00 P.M., Grace, Providence, R. I. Holy Communion.
12-4:00 P.M., New England Home, Everett. Holy Communion.
15-10:45 A.M., Trinity, Boston.
4:00 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.
22-10:45 A.M., Trinity, Boston.
3:30 P.M., St. John's, Lowell.
4:00 P.M., All Saint's, Worcester.
29-10:45 P.M., Trinity Boston. Holy Communion.
4:00 P.M., New England Home, Everett.
S. STANLEY SEARING.
564 Broadway, So. Boston, Mass.

Why He Waited.

The following story is told of the Bishop of Sodor and Man's visit to Melton Mowbray some time ago, says the Philadelphia Inquirer: A brougham awaited him at the station, and he stepped into it, expecting to be taken at once to his destination. To his surprise, however, the coachman sat motionless on the box without the least intention, apparently, of leaving the station. At last the Bishop inquired why he was waiting.

"Well, sir," said the coachman, "I was told to wait for the Bishop of Sodor and Man. You've arrived, sir, and now I'm waiting for your man."

Brooks of Lead.

A bookbinder was putting a binding of lead on a book. "Why lead?" a visitor asked. "This," the binder answered, "is a naval code book, for use on a battleship. All such volumes are bound in lead." "But why?" "So that, in the event of the ship's destruction, the books will sink with it, for they contain secrets of immense value and every precaution must be taken to keep these secrets dark."

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DOORS OPEN at 7:30 O'CLOCK. FESTIVAL begins half an hour later.

Admission, (including refreshments) 25 cents

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The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf-mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial.

Subscriptions may be sent to the

MR. OGDEN D. BUDD, 44 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.

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